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THE DAILY CRESCENT

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Ten......	30 "	55 "	75 "	130 "	200 "
Fifteen......	40 "	75 "	100 "	180 "	280 "
Thirty......	70 "	130 "	180 "	300 "	480 "

MONDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 15, 1866.

CRESCENT CITY MUSEUM.—According to announcement, the Crescent City Museum opened last Wednesday for the reception of visitors, at 40 and 42 St. Charles street. As was predicted, it has been thronged daily by both sexes. There is found innocent and instructive entertainment for all, and a more desirable place for those fond of sight seeing cannot be found in the city. Beside the ten thousand inanimate curiosities, there may be seen a menagerie of wild animals which renders the place highly attractive to all.

Morning and evening the Chinese jugglers entertain their audiences with a variety of exhibitions, including the impalement of a living human body with daggers to a board, the thrower being at a distance of sixteen feet! This is one of the most astonishing feats ever performed in this country. A sight of this exhibition alone will continue to attract visitors during the entire season.

During these exhibitions La Belle Louise enters the cages of her pet animals, a Russian bear and two Mexican lions, and in the most intrepid manner compels them to obey her commands.

But these exhibitions cannot be described. They must be witnessed to be fully appreciated.

DELICIOUS PRESENT.—Mr. George W. Homan, upholsterer, No. 14 Royal street, presented us yesterday with a box of the most delicious, large golden pippins we ever saw. Every one of them was ripe, juicy and fragrant. He has our best thanks.

LET US BUILD UP A DIRECT TRADE.—We cannot too strongly insist upon this idea becoming a ruling one with our merchants. We must not pay any more taxes at present than are absolutely necessary, nor can we be expected to assist in the support of those who are ten times richer than we. Our people have been impoverished to the last degree by the events of the past war, and they can ill afford to pay more than one profit on their supplies. If we depend upon the merchants of the Northern cities to import all the articles of European manufacture which are consumed in this section and then sell them to our merchants, we have to pay two profits—one to the Northern importer and one to the merchants here; but if we import for ourselves we pay only one profit. Which shall we do? Messrs. P. Mares & Co., No. 43 Royal street, are direct importers of every class of foreign goods, and advertise that they will sell them as cheap as the Northern importers. We therefore hope that they will be given a fair trial, and that their enterprise will be fostered. If they succeed in breaking the spell which appears to have bound some of our merchants, too much praise cannot be given them, nor can our people congratulate themselves too much.

SLOAT'S ELLIPTIC SEWING MACHINE.—We yesterday strolled into the store of Mr. H. S. Hedrick, No. 87 Canal street, and inspected the large stock of sewing machines he has on hand, and must confess we were astonished at the many different kinds which already are presented to the public as perfections in their particular speciality. The sewing machine, which a few years ago was looked upon as an impossible achievement of human intellect and inventive faculties, is to-day fast superseding the human operatives in large manufactories of all kinds of clothing, boots and shoes, hats and caps. After meeting and overcoming all the objections made by the enemies of every kind of progress, they are now looked upon as one of the most important aids to human industry introduced during the present century. It was at first urged that it would take the bread from the mouth of the poor sewing woman, and that a large class whose only resource was the needle, would be thrown out of employment. But the result has proved just the contrary. Sewing women can make double their former wages assisted by the sewing machine, without half the labor they had to undergo formerly, while the public, in general, have been benefitted by the cheapening of wearing apparel. Among the many kinds of machines kept by Mr. Hedrick, the one which attracted our attention most particularly, was the one known as "Sloat's Elliptic Machine." This appears to be a wonderfully complete and simple little apparatus for stitching "band and gusset and seam," and can be worked without labor, with an astonishing rapidity. Being almost noiseless, and not a "greasy encumbrance," it would ornament the most quiet and richly furnished *boudoir*, or in the garret or cabin of the poor sewing girl, prove a God-send indeed. We are satisfied that they possess a high order of merit, either for private use or manufacturing purposes, and we would advise our lady friends to go and see them in operation.

FIX UP YOUR DWELLINGS.—Just now being the time when most of our citizens generally fix up their dwellings, offices and stores for the year, it will not be *mal apropos* for us to remind them that Mr. George W. Homan, the favorite upholsterer of former days, is again engaged in his old business, and can be found at No. 14 Royal street. That he is the man for the occasion, none can doubt.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

At a recent meeting of the Board of Assistant Aldermen, Mr. Goldmann made some complaints concerning the present administration of our public schools, particularly as to the action of the board of directors in the appointment of teachers. Mr. Goldmann brought his complaints to a climax by offering a resolution providing for a committee "to examine all new appointees as to their qualifications scholastic and moral." This resolution was laid on the table; which was a very proper way to dispose of it. Such a proposal as that made by Mr. Goldmann is almost too absurd for discussion. The board of school directors is composed of gentlemen of intelligence; and it is to be presumed, that, in the absence of any proof to the contrary, that, in their choice of teachers, they were guided by satisfactory information as to the qualifications of their appointees. Indeed, so far from the views of Mr. Goldmann being shared by the community, it is the general opinion that never before have efforts to select a perfectly competent corps of teachers, being crowned with success so complete as in the present instance. We hazard nothing in saying that, not only is the present corps infinitely superior to that which was organized during the years of military rule, but it will compare favorably with any that have preceded it.

And this is only natural. Under the military *régime*, qualifications of an intellectual order were entirely subordinated to those of a political kind. The range of choice, owing to the tests which were introduced, was very limited; and the ability or willingness to stand those tests was considered far more important than the ability to teach. Now, on the contrary, capacity and attainments are consulted, and the range of selection being extended, it is comparatively easy to procure competent instructors. A mere consideration of the circumstances under which the schools were conducted during the war would be sufficient to convince any one that under such a *régime* the standard of qualification on the part of the teachers must have depreciated; and, in fact this radical defect in the organization which was bequeathed to us by the war, together with a fear, on the part of the directors, of doing injustice to really meritorious persons who might happen to be in place, has been the chief obstacle to a thoroughly efficient reorganization of our public schools.

Mr. Goldmann's complaint that the directors have "removed competent teachers in the schools, who had proved their qualifications during the last three years, and whose moral character stood high, and elected persons incompetent," is based on an erroneous estimate of the rights of the incumbents and the duties of the directors, and mistaken information as to the facts. A three years' tenure of office, even accompanied by proof of proper qualification, does not give to any teacher a vested right in his place. It is for the directors to form a judgment as to the propriety of continuing to employ him; and, consequently, they possess the power of electing new teachers every year. Those who are not re-elected have no right to complain. They know that they hold their situations at the will of the directors, and the directors are responsible only to the public for the manner in which they discharge the trust confided to them. We believe—indeed, we know—that they have endeavored faithfully to discharge this trust. But if tenure of office gives a vested right, those who had held positions for three or more years before the war, and had proved themselves to be competent, had certainly a claim superior to those whose incumbency was only recent, and was acquired without any serious competition.

But, we assert that incompetent persons have not been chosen by the present directors. On the contrary, we are convinced that the qualifications of the newly chosen teachers are, on the average, far higher than the qualifications of those who failed to be reelected. Of course, it was natural that there should be disappointment among the defeated candidates, especially as they had been taught to believe that three years possession would be a good offset against any intellectual or educational deficiency; but it is simply absurd to make their complaints the foundation of a proceeding so anomalous and unjust, as that proposed by Mr. Goldmann. The school directors are presumed to know their business—and it is nonsensical to ask the council to interfere in it. Mr. Goldmann was a director last year. He is an assistant alderman now, but he seems to forget that he is no longer a director. At all events he appears to confound in a strange and remarkable manner the functions of the two positions.

ROCHA, BECKER & CO.—Did it ever occur to you, ladies, that these elegant and magnificent cloaks, basques and mantillas exhibited by Messrs. Rocha, Becker & Co., in their show-windows and salesrooms at 147 Canal street, were manufactured by themselves? Perhaps not. Yet such is the fact, to a great extent. Many of these costly garments were imported, it is true, but the most costly ones there exhibited were gotten up in the establishment where they are offered for sale. These embrace every pattern and style now in vogue, either in the North or South. It must be apparent to all that a firm having such facilities can manufacture to order any garment a lady may desire to have, and such is the case in this instance. Select the goods, name the style, and in a few hours just the article you desire will be furnished, at an exceedingly low price; at least so say several ladies who have patronized this enterprising house. There is no reason why as fine and fashionable garments cannot be made here as any where else, and Messrs. Rocha, Becker & Co. will yet convince the people of this fact, if they have not already done so. Just make a note of that prophecy.

TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS.—We cannot refrain from urging it upon country merchants and all retailers, to call and examine the wonderfully complete stock kept by Messrs. Chas. E. Spencer & Co., on Canal street, near Camp. This firm appear to possess a knowledge of all the requirements of the human family—if we take their stock as a criterion for it seems to comprise everything. Among the goods most recently received are a large stock of linen and cotton sheetings and shirtings, white muslins, ribbons, dress trimmings of the latest styles, combs, brushes, perfumery and fine table and pocket cutlery. These goods need only be seen to be appreciated; and we opine that few merchants who once inspect them will depart from the store without investing. Then again the gentlemen in the house are so courteous and accommodating that one never feels as if he were intruding even if he pulls down half the stock; it is no trouble evidently for them to oblige with a view of the beautiful goods the house contains, for like the possessor of an antique picture, they enjoy the admiration of the beholder. This is why we advise our friends to go there. Most persons enjoy the expenditure of money; but we are sure all will enjoy an investment with such gentlemen for such beautiful goods.

Fifty Years in the New World.

NUMBER TWELVE.

We mentioned in our previous number that the passing of the sun from the equatorial line toward the line of the cancer, the northern tropic, in the month of June, occasioned to our navigators on board the Angelica rather a surprise; and yet nothing was more natural, or could more easily have been foreseen, in our continually southern course towards the approach in this vicinity of the West India islands. Here in New Orleans we have, in former years, when the St. Louis Hotel Rotunda was used as a place of public resort, and particularly as an auction mart, witnessed the singular spectacle of the appearance of the sun's disc a little above the border of the upper light circle that, from the ceiling above, would spread daylight to the otherwise entirely obscure edifice below, being deprived of all outward windows or side openings. This circumstance would take place towards the summer solstice, or the 23d of June, when the sun has attained his highest northern altitude, and our city being under 30 degrees of latitude, it only required some six or seven degrees in the rotundity or arch of the sky-light sphere to admit, as stated before, the sun's disc at the hour of meridian. This spectacle, for obvious reasons, would last only a couple of days in the whole year, and at the time just indicated.

In former times, when traversing the lines of the tropic, as well as that of the equator, ancient usage would have it that all those that had not yet traveled beyond those regions should pay a tribute to old Neptune, the mythological ocean god, as a passage fee for their first entrance upon these waters, and of which the ship's crew generally would earn the better part.

This usage was hence regularly complied with in our case, under the well known and often described grotesque ceremonies of the occasion, and all the new protegés of the water god, daily baptized and inaugurated with the solemn promise, or engagement, to keep up, in due form and rite, this sublime commemoration of the adventurous traveler and navigator, thus encroaching upon the wide domains of the oceanic deity. It is well known that the ships crews, are, after these watery ceremonies, allowed, generally, a very considerable scope in the more ardent regions of the fiery god Bacchus, in the shape of sundry flasks and flagons of old Jamaica, or St. Croix doubly rectified; and, therefore, we may conclude that these acquaeous ablutions are rather intended as a due preparation for the more purifying and exhilarating flames of the alcoholic imbibings. As for the young people, the cabin boys and other adventurous youths, who would not object to the experiment, they were let down, in mid ocean, a swimming line being attached under their arms, for the hoisting up again on board the brig. It is on this occasion, that we personally ascertained how fast was the real motion of the vessel in this apparently becalmed sea, for, notwithstanding the extreme bouyancy of the heavy sea water waves, our efforts at swimming were entirely neutralized by the dragging motion of the swimming line fastened to our body. Hence, we were hoisted up again after a short while; Captain Winkleman, an old salt in these tropical waters, besides protesting against these youths being exposed to the devouring jaws of the sharks, whom he had seen lurking about the vessel for sometime! We need not tell our readers that after this divertisement, we thanked our stars to have got safe on board again, though this swimming in the mighty ocean, had somewhat flatted our youthful vanity and imagination. Was it not Lord Byron that would imitate the famous Leander, who nightly traversed the strait or arm of sea—the Hellespont—to join his lady love, the inconsolable hero! We were then approaching the waters of the island of Porto Rico, and soon after made land, that is came in sight of the mountainous districts of the island of St. Domingo. In these regions, or rather outside of the West Indies waters, the shoals of porpoises, dolphins, whales and grampuses, which we met with, as well as the showers of flying fishes that would drop upon ship board, were something curious. At night time, the sea water at the bow of the vessel would emit a strong phospherous light, and it is our impression, that under this daily influence of the powerful tropical sun a chemical process is carried on by the sun's rays or electrical attraction, upon the strongly saturated ocean surface, that must produce the elementary ingredients of an ever renovated or recomposed airy atmosphere. In this way we can explain the healthiness of the sea air, although a great part of the oceanic element contains a mass of bituminous matter which imparts to the sea water that bitter and brackish taste, so much averse to one's feeling, particularly during the incipient stage of sea acclimation, called the sea sickness. Like all other travelers, we had paid our tribute in this respect, for it is rare that any one, who, for the first time, enters the ocean should be exempt from the feeling of loathing which accompanies this disease. For our part, we have observed that it would greatly intensify the acuteness of our olfactory nerves, and that for instance, the peculiar sea water smell, which is hardly offensive or perceptible in the ordinary state or condition of the nervous system, would almost become unbearable, under the sharpened perception of the sea sickness. We concluded from the appearance of phospherscence in the sea water regions towards the tropics, that the heat of the sun produces this phenomenon, and that this natural process stands also in close connection with the existence or production of the electrical matter, so greatly developed at the season of the year at the approach of the northern summer solstice of June. Hence the whole process of maturation during the following summer months—July, August and September—until the equinoctial, towards the latter part of that month (23d September,) proves the incontestable connection of this continual inward elementary transformation, which ever, as we have indicated before, is perceptible on the very surface of the oceanic expanse. This perpetual change, or transformation upon the vast extent of the watery covering of our planet, and the alternate heat and cooling terms, by means of the diurnal motion or rotation, is, no doubt, the cause of that fresh morning air which is mostly experienced on board ship in the midst of the ocean, although the same alteration may take place upon land, but where it is not so perceptible. It has been observed by naturalists that all animal creation seems to salute the advent of the new day; all voices are raised at the appearance of daylight, and the crowing of the watchful bird of the night, who almost marks its hours—the clarion voice of the rooster—is never louder but immediately before the dawn of the morning. To simply explain this universal cause of acclaim, let us admit that the night has increased the volume of exhilarating gas or air in our planet's hemisphere, and we will at once possess the key to this natural phenomenon.

That the night possesses the faculty or means of easing disease, of calming fever, we know by constant observation; but that particularly the new air, issued from the ocean-surrounding atmosphere, should be the more especial cause for originating this beneficial effect, may not be so universally acknowledged. And yet nothing is more self-convincing than that there is a permanent exchange of the air or elementary constituents of the planets' atmosphere, from the terra firma part, or the great continent, to that of the vast ocean surface, or the sea atmosphere. This exchange takes place by the diurnal rotation of our globe, whose motion is from west to east; that is, we in America are continually receiving the newly developed or formed air from the Atlantic ocean, whilst in return the less healthy air from American terra firma is floated or poured into the atmosphere of the great Pacific ocean. By this continual process of purification the surrounding airy envelop of our planet becomes not only the most beneficial cause for entertaining life and vegetation upon the terrestrial surface, but it is actually the great agent for distributing and dispensing all the healthful emanations from the solar, stellar and other heavenly influences.

Christina G. Rossetti.

Among late candidates for poetic fame, is the lady whose name stands at the head of this notice. Her book was published in London, in May, and has been reprinted in Boston, by Roberts Brothers, in very neat style—that is to say, with type of fine stroke, bold breadth, simple form, and good size; on capital paper, and in appropriate binding. This reproduction would of itself suggest that there must exist a competent judgment in favor of the merits of the authoress. Boston publishers, and especially those who have to enter the arena in competition with such houses as Ticknor & Fields, Little, Brown & Co., can hardly afford to trust their success to the risks attendant on any publications, but such as have undoubted claims upon the public taste and consideration. Further proof that the poems are much appreciated is to be observed in the extent to which they have already been quoted in very widely separated parts of the world.

With such prepossessions as these speaking in favor of the little volume, we opened a copy of it in anticipation of pleasure, and have closed it without disappointment. "The Goblin Market," with which it commences, is one of the prettiest and most gentle conceits we have read for a long time, and it is wrought with a beauty and chasteness almost worthy of the best days of Elizabethan fancies. The versification is bold, and free, and quaint, to an extent which would be objectionable were it not the medium of marked poetic power, for the most part quite artistically ruled. The following lines will abundantly illustrate what we have said:

"Backwards up the glossy glen
Turned and trooped the goblin men,
With their shrill repeated cry,
'Come buy, come buy.'
When they reached where Laura was
They stood stock still upon the moss,
Leering at each other,
Brother with queer brother;
Signaling each other,
Brother with sly brother.
One set his basket down,
One reared his plate;
One began to weave a crown
Of tendrils, leaves and rough nuts brown,
(Men sell not such in any town);
One heaved the golden weight
Of dish and fruit to offer her;
'Come buy, come buy,' was still their cry.
Laura started, but did not stir,
Longed but had no money;
The whisk-tailed merchant bade her taste,
In tones as smooth as honey,
The cat-faced purred,
The rat-paced spoke a word
Of welcome, and the snail-paced even was heard:
One parrot-voiced and jolly
Cried 'Pretty Goblin,' still for 'Pretty Polly;'
One whistled like a bird."

In the "Goblin Market," as in several others of the pieces, there are expressions and comparisons which are certainly open to exception. "Bloom-down-cheeked peaches," is so for several reasons: Primarily for its unpoetical harshness of sound; secondly, for the obscurity of its meaning; thirdly, for the faulty composition of the epithet. "Bloom" and "down," with respect to peaches mean the same thing. In the lines,

"Laura stretched her gleaming neck
Like a rush-imbedded swan,
Like a lily from the beck,
Like a moonlit poplar branch,
Like a vessel at the launch
When its last restraint is gone,"

The last simile violates the very prime canon of criticism. Certainly no one knows how "a vessel at the launch" stretches "her gleaming neck," at all; still less does any one know it, as one should for the purpose of comparison, better than he knows the thing compared to it. The expression,

"The moon *bends* her arc,"

And the word "succous,"
The expressions,

"Mad to *tug* her standard down,"
"But not one goblin *skurried* after,"

With the epithet "windy-paced," will all be judged open to criticism by a polished taste, and might be easily improved.

To dismiss at once such minor *lapsus* as these, let us say that the authoress falls into sesquipedalianism and reduplication rather too frequently and harshly not to raise exception. As instances, read, in their connections,—

"Lashed by tides *obstreperously*;"
"One shamed herself in love; one *temperately*
Grew gross in soulless love, a sluggish wife;"
"An *execrable appetite* arose;"

And it will be found that it is not merely to the length of the words to which we call attention. Whatever authority Miss Rossetti may think she has for writing "Save *I myself*," and "Save *only I*," the general decision she will find to be, that they are not admissible in this day even as poetical licenses; and although she might be led into the anachronism of quoting from Milton's Lycidas,

"Alas! *what boots it* with incessant care
To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?"

In justification of her,

"Life is not sweet. One day it will be sweet
To shut our eyes and die:
Nor feel the wild flowers blow, nor birds dart by
With flitting butterfly,
Nor grass grow long above our heads and feet,
Nor hear the happy lark that soars *sky-high*,
Nor sigh that spring is fleet and summer fleet,
Nor mark the waxing wheat,
Nor know who sits in our accustomed seat,"

Yet the objection that "sky-high" approaches too much to a vulgarism not to interfere with poetic beauty will undoubtedly be held to be a good one, as would have been a similar one to "what boots it," had this phrase been in Milton's day, as vulgarized as it is in ours.

As Palgrave with equal taste and justice says, however, in the preface to that beautiful little collection, the "Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics," published in England by Macmillan & Co.: "Excellence should be looked for rather in the whole than in the parts." Those who read Miss Rossetti's poems in this spirit will only do them justice, and will undoubtedly derive great pleasure. If we have pointed out what may be considered as blemishes to be occasionally found in them, it is not with a desire that this should be considered as at all marring the enjoyment of the general reader, but rather of awakening his mind to a fuller appreciation of how much delicate genius, chaste thought, attractive versification, and felicitous expression are to be found in them. We close our notice of Miss Rossetti, not without hoping to hear from her again before long, with

"AN END.

"Love, strong as Death, is dead.
Come, let us make his bed
Among the dying flowers:
A green turf at his head;
And a stone at his feet,
Whereon we may sit
In the quiet evening hours.

"He was born in the Spring,
And died before the harvesting:
On the last warm summer day
He left us; he would not stay
For autumn twilight, cold and gray.
Sit we by his grave, and sing
He is gone away.
To few chords sad and low
Sing we so:
Be our eyes fixed on the grass
Shadow-veiled as the years pass,
While we think of all that was
In the long ago."

SPLENDID NEW GOODS.—Among the many splendid stocks of new goods now being offered for sale by our merchants, it would be difficult to find one more complete or more tastefully selected than that of Messrs. Lion & Israel, No. 168 Canal street. It comprises selections from the leading markets of Europe, and covers the whole subject of dry goods. Besides this splendid general stock, the firm have a large and varied assortment of cloaks of black and colored cloth and silk, which they are selling very cheap indeed. We hope that our lady friends will not fail to give them a call while they are out shopping.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

Special Correspondence of the Crescent.]

NEW YORK, Oct. 8, 1866.

This city would never be finished even if we had no fires to destroy property, but it is quite certain that it will be almost impossible to keep the city built up if we are to have periodically such destructive fires as we have had, and are constantly having. Not only does the elements destroy buildings and merchandise, but human lives are included. It is not two weeks since we had a large fire, consuming some tenements, by which several lives were lost, women and children being burned to death. The fire, without a doubt, was the work of an incendiary, and now a reward of $1000 is offered for the detection of the scoundrel. Saturday night witnessed another extensive conflagration, destroying about $600,000 worth of property, in which is included St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Cathedral, the long-cherished object of the love of all followers of that church, and in the vaults of which rest the remains of the late lamented Archbishop Hughes and other prominent clergymen. The expressions of sorrow at this catastrophe which fell from the lips of the crowds that visited the ruins yesterday certainly disclosed to all that the loss was deeply felt. Although the building was old, having been built in 1811, it was in good condition, as it was redecorated and put in splendid condition in 1838, since which time it has always been kept in fine condition. The paintings, vestments and all the appointments were very handsome. The insurance companies will stand the loss well, although some of them lose heavily. The Liverpool and London (which company never gets much sympathy in consequence of their course toward the large and influential class of men who follow the business of insurance brokerage, in which, however, the brokers beat the company, as well as their presuming manner toward other companies on the questions of insurance and security to the insured) lost $97,000, and they take such large lines they frequently get caught for very large amounts. The insurance companies, as a class, are standing the terrible losses without much doubt as to their entire soundness as yet.

A. T. Stewart, who last year returned the enormous income of $4,000,000, has just offered $1,000,000 for the erection of buildings for the use of mechanics, at such rents as they can afford to pay, provided the city of New York will donate the property, the income from rental to be applied to repairs and extension of the buildings. Now, this offer is liberal on the part of Mr. Stewart, but he knows that it is not in the power of this city to donate their property, and therefore this charitable scheme will fall through, when it might have been carried out very easily by Mr. Stewart turning over some of his immense possessions for the purpose, and he would never miss it, either. It seems as though a man of his immense wealth might do something handsome for the poor, without any "ifs," or "provisions." He is building for himself a perfect palace, and at the same time, I presume, falls in with the rest of land and property-owners in keeping up the outrageous rents of dwellings, when by a decided action of our wealthy citizens, people might provide for themselves a proper place to live without paying all their income for it.

The theaters are all thriving. Maggie Mitchell commences an engagement to-night at the Broadway, and Miss Davenport (Mrs. Gen. Lander,) at Winter Garden. Ristori is drawing good houses and pleasing everybody beyond expression.

Wall street is resuming its usual activity, and speculation is on the increase. The "shorts" on Erie are bothered considerably, as a clique has taken hold of the stock, and have "boosted" it in the last ten days from 65 to 95. The impression is that it will go above par, and then probably come down with a crash. A man with limited means had better keep out of such a "big thing" as Erie just now. Gold has run to 50 again, without any cause but speculation, and upon these fictitious prices are based all the values of merchandize which are alike necessary for our consumption and wear.

It is much regretted here that General Dix accepted the French mission, as we lose thereby a most efficient naval officer and a strong friend of the administration policy of reconstruction, and one on whom we counted strongly to do a large share of the talking during the political campaign now before us in this State.

It is now becoming a settled thing that the Seventh Regiment New York militia will visit London and Paris during the Paris exhibition. A subscription list has been already started, headed, I understand, by Morgan L. Harris, for $10,000. The expense of transporting and providing for this large regiment will be enormous, and they will undoubtedly have a jolly good time. It is stated that they are to give exhibition drills, contesting with the "Britishers," and are to be reviewed by the Prince of Wales at Hyde Park. It is quite certain that we could not send any body of men who could do us any greater credit than this regiment. They will take their band, numbering forty-five pieces, and go fully equipped. Such is the report, and certain it is that very pressing invitations have come from London for them to pay a visit.

General Santa Anna has taken up his residence on Staten Island, and receives daily calls from all descriptions of persons, who desire employment in his army for the liberation of Mexico. He recruits quite rapidly; and has already issued commissions to several who were officers in the Federal army during the late war.

EYES AND EARS.

A Trip Up the River.

For the New Orleans Crescent.]

I am a member of the "can't-get-away," but, paradoxical as it may appear, I did get away on a very fine steamer, and coasted along until I reached Memphis; which city, its ambitious people endeavor to christen the "City of the Bluffs," thus stealing away the right of name from that venerable old town of Natchez, to which Memphis is but a Shanghai chicken, grown up "in a few days," and against which wrong I entered my solemn protest. I found my stateroom uncomfortably near the boiler, but as my gentlemanly friend the chief clerk very kindly promised, that if I found myself inconvenienced, to have them (the boilers) removed, I consented, generously, not to overtax his spirit of accommodation.

I will not spend my ink in describing what you have seen a thousand times—the places on the coast—but simply say, I should have preferred to have seen the chimnies with houses to them, instead of standing bare and gaunt and specter, like the mile-stones along the path of war.

My trip, though, was one of business, and I neglected no opportunity of inquiry regarding the planting interest. I have seen gentlemen in my trip coming from North Carolina, on the one side, and San Antonio on the other, and am persuaded that this year is to be marked with black to the planting interest of this portion of the country. I am aware that there is no subject upon which so much foolish speculation is prematurely wasted, as on the subject of the cotton crop. The planter is the last man in the world to know anything regarding it, beyond his own plantation and neighborhood—that is, if he stays at home and attends to his own business; if he does not, his opinion is not worth the asking. The merchant of great commercial centers should, when the season is advanced enough to warrant surmise, be better enabled to judge, if there was a systematic organization for inquiry and correspondence throughout the cotton growing region; but this is not, and this year could not well be. There are, however, some data by which we may approximate the crop. We know, for instance, the crop before the war and pretty nearly the number of hands employed at that time. We can, with some approach to fact, learn the area of land and force employed in its cultivation at present. When these data are settled with tolerable accuracy, then, and not till then, are we prepared to make the deduction of the inefficiency of the present system as compared with its *ante bellum* efficiency; the imperfect means; the undoubtedly very late planting; the indisputable unfavorableness of this season, and the almost universal and destructive presence of the army worm, which precludes all hope of a late crop, for, of course, when the worm appears we can hope nothing from unmatured bolls. Now, those who desire can supply the details to this outline. My own opinion is that the crop will not reach 12,000,000 bales. I would say less, but I might imitate some of my friends.

I was surprised at the rapid growth of the city of Memphis, since I saw it last, and at its busy, bustling look—all activity and life—the number of buildings in course of erection, and at the good taste displayed in their city architecture, as well as its substantial character. I was assured on good authority, that there were in progress over two thousand buildings. Are there as many hundred buildings in New Orleans? And, tell me, why this death-like lethargy in which the Crescent City sleeps, at the mouth of the great river—the artery of so many great States—like an infected ship in a rotting calm. Let us hope 'tis but the quiet of repose before she springs again in a career of prosperity and wealth.

One of the good things I heard whilst awaiting a steamer at Gaines's Landing. I know not if it will bear transference to paper with advantage; we are so easily amused when we wish it, and have nothing else to do, *mais les voici*:

Scene.—Gaines's Landing, Arkansas.—A house fronting the river, with a gallery to same; on the gallery a work-bench; on the work-bench a man in repose, with his hat over his face. Stranger rides up, covered with mud, horse ditto, both looking weary and disgusted.

Stranger.—"Hallo!"

Man on the Work-bench.—"Hallo!"

S.—"Good morning, sir."

M.—"Good morning."

S.—"Is this Gaines's Landing?"

M.—"So-called."

S.—Can I get something to eat?"

M.—"Very little I fear."

S.—Can I get something for my horse?"

M.—"No, sir, nothing here." (Pause in the conversation.)

M.—"Which way did you come?"

S.—"My God, my friend, don't ask. I have been traveling three days in the swamp, don't know exactly, and am used up. (Pause again.) Can I get over the river?"

M.—"Perhaps—the ferryman lives on the other side."

S.—"How can I get the boat over?"

M.—"Take the horn you see hanging there, go down the bank, blow as if you meant to blow your brains out, then raise your handkerchief for half an hour, then come back, and in the afternoon repeat the operation, and hallo as loud as you can. To-morrow morning repeat the process as often as possible, and perhaps about to-morrow evening the boat will be over."

S.—"Good heavens—(with a groan.) My dear sir you look like a gentleman. You don't live in this country, do you?"

M.—"Yes, a few miles from this; but, as you perceive, it is one of those countries which once in it is not easy to get out."

Stranger "laughs heartily."

S.—"Well, I suppose I can get a boat?"

M.—"I'm not certain. I have been waiting two days."

S.—"Can I get a drink?"

M.—"Yes, come in."

Stranger goes in, takes a *horn*—not the one on the peg.

JEAN BAPTIST.

New Orleans, Sept. 30, 1866.

P. Nutt, Esq., Thinks he Knows Something About Boarding.

I have boarded all the way from the British provinces to Patagonia, inclusive; and during my day have seen the outside, inside, right side, left side, front side, and all other sides of modern boarding houses.

To some considerable extent.

I have, either through choice or compulsion, tried "first class," second class, and even third and fourth class boarding-houses. I have not only tried them, but they have *tried* me, until in some instances, the fat has been almost tried from my bones.

I think I have some knowledge of boarding-houses.

I have boarded vessels at sea when gales were at their height, but the roughest kind of boarding I ever experienced has been on land.

I have witnessed storms at sea, which left our vessel without a stich of canvas, or a main-yard arm, but the stormiest storms I ever witnessed have been in boarding-houses, where boarders were on the point of leaving without settling that "little bill."

I think I have some knowledge of some landladies.

I have eaten—that is masticated and swallowed—my "peck of dirt" annually, for thirty years, or about seven bushels and a half, according to dry measure in Babold.

I believe I have some knowledge of the different varieties of dirt.

I am certain of it.

I have used forks with four, three and two prongs, and not unfrequently those with one prong only; and, in fact, in some instances forks without any prongs whatever. They were still called forks because they *once* forked, I supposed.

I have used knives so dull that the backs were sharper than the fronts—like some beeves that have been slain, or suffered to die for my special mastication.

Castors, *sans* condiments, long since became familiar to my eyes, and often when food was scarce in my section, have I spent my leisure time in witnessing the industry of the cunning spider, as it wove its web over and around these condimental elevations, rejoicing as it did so, because at least it had found a spot where it could repose in security.

I am half inclined to believe that I know something about table furniture.

I long since learned how tenderloin can be dealt out to favorite boarders, and the meat on the opposite side of the bone to less favored victims; how strong coffee and weak coffee can be poured from the same pot; how two kinds of butter could be placed on the same table; how servants can be trained so as to see and not see; how cooks can be scolded within hearing of boarders for not having "ready in time" what yet remained in the market building; how warm dinners can await some boarders and cold dinners others. All these things, and many others, I think, I have learned.

I really believe I have some knowledge of the boarding art, as taught in modern boarding-houses.

(Of course, the exceptions are not embraced in the rule.)

This much have I written during a "fit of indigestion," caused by swallowing an undue proportion of sole-leather steak, and I see but one chance for relief. I will go immediately for an emetic, such as can only be found at James Gonegal's wholesale drug store, No. 29 St. Charles street, New Orleans, U. S. A.

GET YOUR PROPERTY INSURED.—This piece of advice should not be neglected. The frequent occurrence of disastrous fires and shipwrecks by which property to an immense amount is destroyed, should teach every one this caution. The London and Lancashire Insurance Company, the New Orleans office of which is at No. 63 Carondelet street, corner of Perdido, a most wealthy and solvent concern, takes risks at low rates on every species of property, and returns to the insurer 25 per cent. of the premiums. No better opportunity was ever offered; and we would advise all our readers to improve it.

The elliptic sewing and braiding machine has already established a fame and an unrivaled reputation throughout the land. For sale at No. 87 Canal street.

The Cotton Crop.

The following information in regard to the cotton prospects on Red River may be regarded as authentic, coming as it does, from those who know whereof they speak. The letters are addressed to a leading commercial house here:

COTILE, Oct. 4, 1866.

You wish information concerning the injury done the crops by the rain and worm, and also in reference to my own prospects.

We have on this plantation six hundred acres of land cleared for cultivation—of this we planted at the commencement of the season, one hundred and thirty in corn and two hundred and fifty in cotton. I hire only twenty-four hands for the field. We were not hurt by the overflow. The excessive early rains made it almost impossible to clear the crop of grass, and we threw out about fifty acres of cotton—which I subsequently hired to some of my neighbors injured by high water. The season was so unfavorable that even then we could not prevent the crop from being grass poisoned. The production had been by this in some measure reduced. Then we had the caterpillar, which, kept back a little by hot weather, came in force about the 20th August, and by September 1st had ravaged the whole crop. The consequence of this has been the falling off of the forms, and arrest of development of the bolls, and also the hastening the opening of mature bolls—and as a consequence of the loss of a good deal of cotton by falling on the ground and rotting. But notwithstanding, from some cause or other, I am said to have a better prospect than my neighbors—and my crop is currently estimated at one hundred bales. I think myself that I shall have, in all probability, one hundred bales, estimating four hundred and fifty pounds to the bale, if the weather continues as fair for picking as it is now. I have cotton already picked enough for forty bales, and I have not yet been over half of that opened. My gin house is nearly completed, but it will take some time for the machinery to be made and put up.

In reference to the prospects of the cotton crop generally, I do not know that I can give you a better idea than that obtained from a comparative view of the present condition and prospects of the plantations on both sides of Bayou Jean de Jean and Rapides and that bank of Red River contained between their mouths above at Cotile Landing and at Alexandria, and that which existed before the war.

Within that scope of country there are sixty-five plantations, all of them in full cultivation before the war. Of these there are twelve now not in cultivation. Of the remaining fifty-three considerably less than one half of the land formerly cultivated was placed in cultivation this season. Some of these had all their cotton destroyed entirely by the overflow, some had a few acres left some, but very few, were not hurt by it. The crops left by the overflow have been injured by the rains and the caterpillar successively, so that as a generality very little over one-forth of a crop will be realized.

Travelers have stated to me that this community presented a better prospect than elsewhere to be met with in the State.

If the like proportion exists all over the parish and State, as I am informed it does, it is reduced to a mathematical demonstration that the production of the parish of Rapides will not exceed fifty thousand bales this year, and I believe its former production approached closely forty-five thousand—and that of the State in like proportion. Writers have always estimated the crop of the whole country entirely too large—it will exceed very little over eight hundred thousand bales.

MILLENBERG, RAPIDES PARISH,
Sept. 30, 1866.

Your letter of the 19th instant was received yesterday, and as you desire to be informed as to the present prospect of my crop, I take the earliest opportunity to reply. I may premise by stating my prospect is gloomy in the extreme—so much so that I am sure I will not make more than one-third of a bale per acre, and will now be perfectly satisfied if I can secure that much after the disasters that have befallen the cotton crop this year.

The memory of the oldest planter reaches back to no year that approaches this in its unavailableness for planting. My crop is certainly miserable, yet I regret to say there are many others who are even more unfortunate than I. I know of several places that fall almost daily under my observation that will not make one-fourth of a bale per acre. The latter amount is a large estimate of the yield in this section of the State where formerly the average one year with another was one bale per acre. It is certain the most complete failure ever known, and its disastrous effects will be heavily felt. In 1859 our parish shipped forty-five thousand bales of cotton; this year it will not ship five thousand. If the crop is no better in the other cotton States (and I doubt if it is) there will not be one million bales made. Had the caterpillars, which destroyed the crop in the early part of this month, kept off and with a late fall we would probably have made half a crop in spite of the three and a half months rains. But all the accumulated evils to which the cotton plant is subject were present this year. The consequence is that very many of our planters are hopelessly ruined, they having staked everything in this year's experiment, and their lands which a few years ago were worth fortunes, will now be knocked off under the sheriff's hammer for a mere song. Indeed the prospect is gloomy in every sense and unless a speedy change occurs for the better (of which at present there is no hope) cotton growing here will be among the occupations that are gone.

I have picked about twenty bales, and think I am half done.

My statements above in regard to the yield are not at all exaggerated; on the contrary very general, and are based not only on my own observation but on the statements of numerous old planters of our parish and others.

EDUCATION VS. IGNORANCE.—It is a very common thing for people to speak and write about the advantages of education, while we are disposed to suspect that they have never properly weighed those advantages, or that they do not themselves really appreciate the benefits to be derived from learning. Let us then consider the subject a little while; and in comparing education with ignorance—the case of an educated man with that of one uneducated—assist in forming for them a conclusion. For a man without education, to earn a support for himself alone, he must toil at hard labor, exposed often to the weather, and always to the exactions of capital, for a certain number of hours each day. At best, he can by strict economy, manage to obtain the necessaries of life, and should he have a family dependent upon him, his lot is indeed a hard one. His enjoyments are few; it is true that his capacity for enjoyment is but limited, for ignorance knows little of happiness out of mere sensual gratifications. His life is one long scene of trials and tribulations, and when he dies he is most likely to slumber in his unknown grave, "unwept, unhonored and unsung." Now take the life of a man of mental culture. If he must toil also; but seldom or never exposed to the wind, the rain and the sun. He does what is called "head-work," and is always well paid and respected. His family can be provided for with but a reasonable exertion of economy, and his sources of enjoyment are as extended as the boundless universe. If good, he can always be happy, and if industrious and energetic, he fears no combinations of capital, nor the powers of the rich. The rich with their money in their hands seek his aid; and the powerful men of the State solicit his friendship. Who therefore should neglect an opportunity to obtain knowledge—the great stepping stone to wealth, influence and happiness? Certainly, none in a community like ours, where the means are within every one's reach. Among the means of acquiring this great lever of success, few excel Dolbear Commercial College, for by the payment of a very moderate sum, the ambitious young man can secure the best of professors in all the necessary branches, a knowledge of which in a commercial country is money, position and influence. Will our young men reflect upon this subject.

CLOTHING AND FURNISHING GOODS.—No one should fail going to the store of Messrs. Garthwaite, Lewis & Stuart, Nos. 31 and 33 Camp street, and taking a look at the very beautiful, fashionable and choice stock of goods which they have just opened. The goods are all made of the best of material, and for durability or style cannot be surpassed.

GOSHEN BUTTER AND OTHER GOOD THINGS.—Messrs. R. Bleakley & Co., corner of Poydras and Tchoupitoulas streets, are advertising, this morning, a fresh lot of very delicious goshen and western butter, brandy cherries, etc., just received. We would advise country merchants to go and inspect those articles before making purchases elsewhere.